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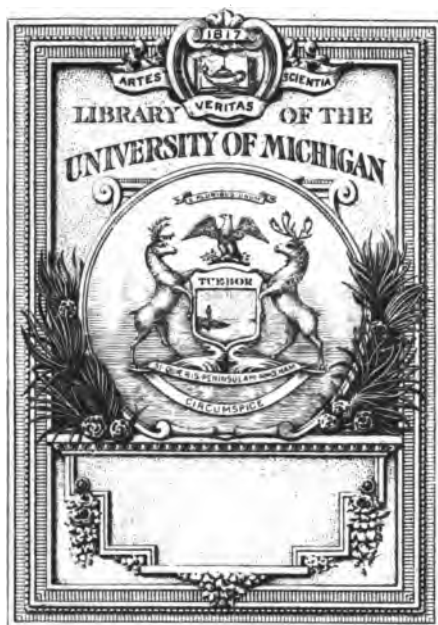
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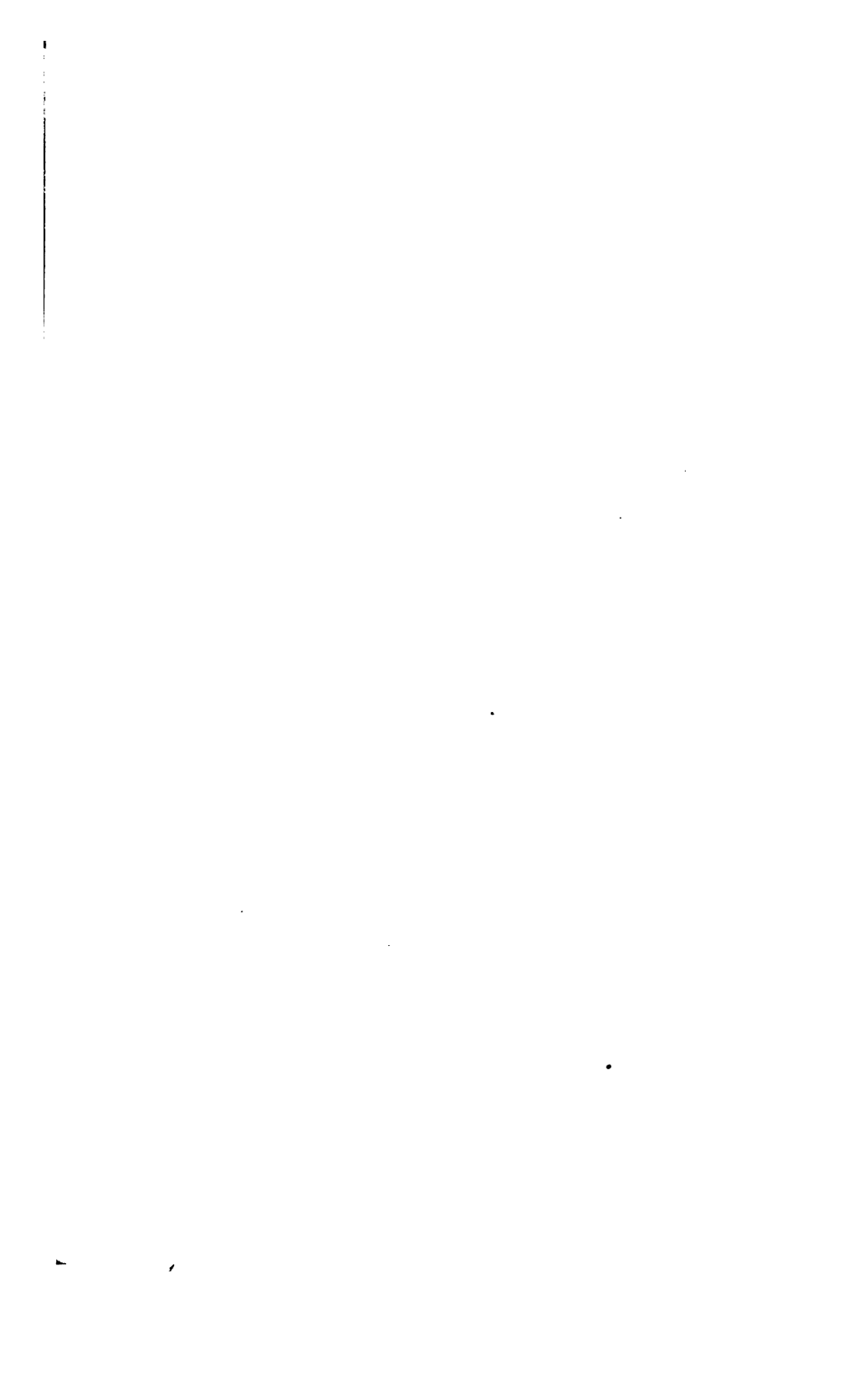
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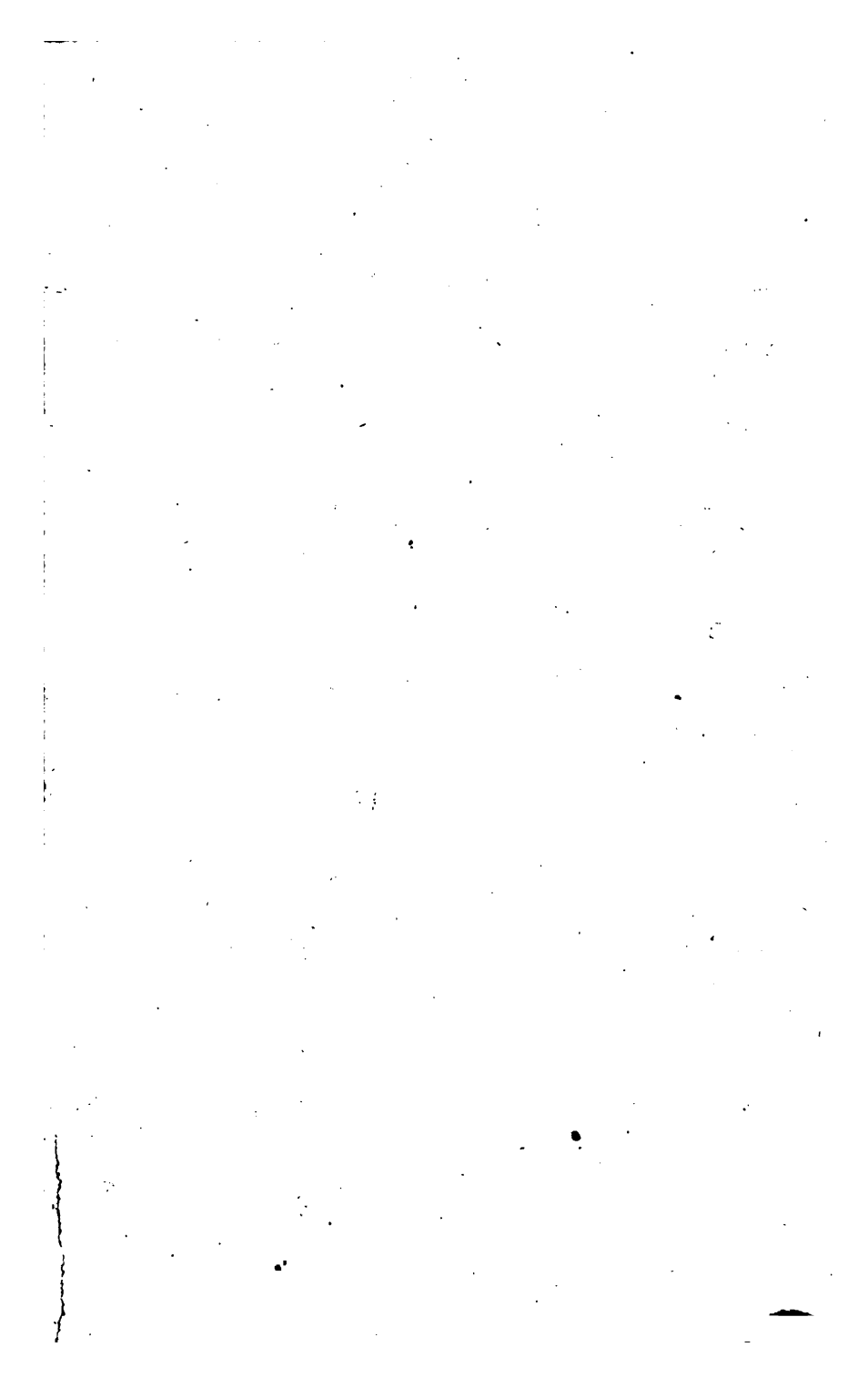
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Book. 1.



Book. 2.



Book. 3.



Book. 4.



Book. 5.



Book. 6.



Book. 7.



Book. 8.



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OF
MICH.

Reviz, Mrs Elizabeth (Singer)

THE

HISTORY

OF

JOSEPH.

A

POEM.

IN EIGHT BOOKS.

By the AUTHOR of *Friendship in Death.*



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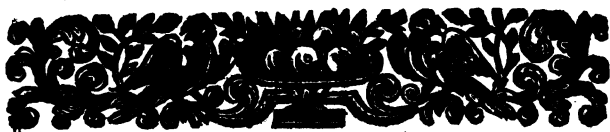
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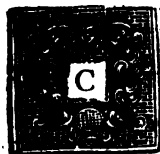


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THE
History of JOSEPH.
A
P O E M.

B O O K I.

An Invocation of the Divine Spirit. A Description of the Temple of Molock, in the Valley of Hinnon, where a Congress of infernal Powers are met to contrive some Method to extirpate the Hebrew Race.



Celestial Muse, that on the blissful plain
Art oft invoc'd, to guide th' immortal strain ;

Inspir'd by thee, the first-born sons
of light

Hail'd the creation in a tuneful flight ;

Pleas'd with thy voice, the spheres began their
round,

The morning stars danc'd to the charming sound :

B

Yet

Yet thou hast often left the crystal tow'rs,
To visit mortals in their humble bow'rs.

Favour'd by thee, the courtly swain of old,
Beneath mount *Horeb* sacred wonders told;
Of boundless chaos, and primæval night,
The springs of motion, and the seeds of light.
The sun stood still, to hear his radiant birth,
With the formation, of the balanc'd earth.
The moon on high, check'd her nocturnal car,
And list'ning staid, with ev'ry ling'ring star.
The hills around, and lofty *Sinab* heard
By whose command their tow'ring heads were
rear'd.

The flow'rs their gay original attend;
Their tufted crowns the groves, adoring, bend.
The fountains rose, the streams their course
withheld,

To hear the ocean's wond'rous source reveal'd.
The birds sit silent on the branches near,
The flocks and herds their verdant food forbear.
The swains forgot their labour, while he sung,
How, from the dust, their great forefather sprung:
A vital call awoke him from the ground,
The moving clay obey'd th' almighty sound.

Thus

Thus sung in lofty strains the noble bard;
The heav'ns and earth their own formation heard.

But thou, propitious Muse, a gentler fire
Didst breathe, and tune to softer notes the lyre,
When royal *Lebanon* heard the am'rous king
The beauties of his lov'd *Egyptian* sing:
The sacred lays a mystic sense unfold,
And things divine in human types were told.
Disdain not, gentle pow'r, my song to grace,
While I the paths of heav'nly justice trace;
And twine a blooming garland for the youth,
Renown'd for honour, and unblemish'd truth.

Let others tell, of ancient conquests won,
And mighty deeds, by favour'd heroes done;
(Heroes enslav'd to pride, and wild desires,)
A virgin Muse, a virgin theme requires;
Where vice, and wanton beauty quit the field,
And guilty loves to steadfast virtue yield.

Jacob, with heav'n's peculiar favour blest,
Leaving the fertile regions of the *East*;
(Where *Haran*, then a noble city stood,
Between fair *Tygris*, and *Euphrates* flood;)
From *Laban* fled, and by divine command
Pursu'd his journey to his native land.

Loaded with wealth, his num'rous camels bore
 His wives, his children, and his household store :
 Of purchas'd slaves, he led an endless train,
 His flocks, and herds engross'd the wide champain.

The shepherd's art was all his fathers knew,
 His sons the same industrious life pursue.
 The God his pious ancestors ador'd,
 Th' Almighty God, at *Bethel*, he implor'd :
 An altar there, with grateful vows he rear'd,
 Where twice the radiant vision had appear'd ;
 The pow'rs of hell, the dreadful omen fear'd :
 Each demon trembles in his hollow shrine,
 The raving priests amazing things divine.

In *Hinnon's* vale a fane to *Molock* stood,
 Around it rose a consecrated wood ;
 Whose mingled shades, excluded noon-day light,
 And made below uninterrupted night.
 Pale tapers hung around in equal rows,
 The mansion of the fallen king disclose ;
 Seven brazen gates its horrid entrance guard ;
 Within the cries of infant ghosts were heard :
 On seven high altars rise polluted fires,
 While human victims feed the ruddy spires.
 The place *Gebenna* call'd, resembled well
 The native gloom and dismal vaults of hell.

'Twas

'Twas night, and goblins in the darkness danc'd,
 The priest in frantick visions lay entranc'd;
 While here conven'd the *Pagan* terrors sat,
 In solemn council, and mature debate,
 T' avert the storm impending o'er their state.
 Th' apostate princes with resentment fir'd,
 Anxious, and bent on black designs, conspir'd
 To find out schemes successful to efface
 Great *Heber's* name, and crush the sacred race;
 From whence they knew, the long predicted king,
 Th' infernal empire's destin'd foe should spring;
 Who conqu'rou o'er their vanquish'd force
 should tread,
 And all their captive chiefs in triumph lead.
 Th' affair, their deepest policy commands,
 And brought them hither, from remotest lands;
 From *Ur*, *Armenia*, and *Iberia's* shores,
 From *Nile*, and *Ophir* rich with golden ores,
 And where the *Adrian* wave, and where th'
 Atlantick roars.

Nesrotk appears, his amber chariot drawn
 With snowy steeds; him at the rising dawn
 The *Syrian* worships from his airy hills,
 Whose vales with wealth the fam'd *Araxis* fills.

Belus forsakes his high frequented domes,
 And o'er the famous plains of *Skinar* comes :
Plegor descends his mount ; to him were paid,
 With impious rites, libations for the dead.
 Imperious *Rimmon* came, whose mansion stood
 On the fair banks of *Pharphar's* lucid flood.
Ofris left his *Nile*, and thund'ring *Baal*
 The rock, whence *Arnon's* plenteous waters fall.
Mithra, whom all the *East* adores, was there ;
 And like his own resplendent planet fair,
 With yellow tresses, and enchanting eyes
 Dissembling beauty, would the fiend disguise.
 Nor fail'd a deity of female name,
Astarte, with her silver crescent came :
Melita left her *Babylonian* bow'rs ;
 Where wanton damsels, crown'd with blushing
 flow'rs,
 In all the summer's various lustre gay,
 Detested *Orgies* to the goddess pay.

These various pow'rs, their various schemes pro-
 pose,
 But none th' assembly pleas'd, till *Mithra* rose ;
 (Of an alluring mein above the rest)
 Who thus th' apostate potentates address'd.

Mankind

Mankind by willing steps to ruin move,
 Their own wild passions their destruction prove,
 But the most fatal is forbidden love.
 Old *Jacob* boasts a daughter young and fair,
 Fond *Leab's* glory, and peculiar care:
 Her eyes inflame the gazing *Pagans* hearts,
 Young *Sheckem* has already felt their darts;
 Who lately saw her with her virgin train,
 Near *Shalem*, wand'ring o'er the dewy plain.
 I'll fill his youthful breast with mad desire,
 By fraud, or force, his wishes to acquire.
 The coming day he does a feast prepare,
 By me instructed how to hide the snare:
 Fair *Dinab* is his sister's promis'd guest,
 Impatient love will soon compleat the rest.
 The damsel's wrongs her brothers will enflame
 To right, with hostile arms, the *Hebrew's* shame;
 By which provok'd, the *Canaanites* shall join
 With us t' abolish this detested line.

Revenge and bloody faction are my care,
Moloch replies, thine be the soft affair;
 Without instructions thou canst act thy part,
 Well-practic'd in the nice alluring art;
Euphrates' banks, and *Senac's* conscious shades,
 Attest thy freedom with th' *Affyrian* maids:

Thy voice, applauded in the heav'nly groves,
Was there devoted to terreftrial loves:

Thy facred lyre to human fubjects ftrung,
No more with tiresome *Hallelujahs* rung;
This grac'd thy hand, a quiver hung behind,
Nor fail'd thy fparkling eyes to charm the beau-
teous kind.

The bold example of thy loofe amours,
Prevail'd on numbers of the heav'nly powers;
Who vainly had the firft probation flood,
Proof to ambition, obftinately good.

Long after, I, with my associates fell,
Thy friends enlarg'd the monarchy of hell;
On fofter motives you abhorr'd the skies,
Allur'd by womens captivating eyes:

The fons of God thus with the race of man
Were mingled; hence the giant flock began.

Our plot requires us now, and if it fail,
I'll, in my turn, the hated tribe affail;
Domestick faction, may at laft prevail.

Joseph, his doting father's life, and joy,
By well-concerted means we muft deftroy;
This youth, above the reft, excites my fear,
Divine prefages in his face appear;

Officious

Officious *Gabriel's* care to him confin'd,
 Foretels a man for mighty things design'd:
 His brethren, act'd by my pow'ful fire,
 Against his envy'd life shall all conspire.
Joseph remov'd, old *Jacob's* greatest prop,
 The race shall mourn, in him, their blasted hope,
 Here *Moloch* ceas'd; th' infernal spirits rose,
 Crowning the double plot with vast applause.





B O O K II.

Jacob's Daughter dishonour'd by Shechem, Prince of the Hivites. Her Brothers revenge the Injury. The Patriarch relates to his Sons Abraham's Conquest over the King of Elam and his Royal Confederates. He rescues Lot. Melchisedech meets and blesses Abraham. The intended Sacrifice of Isaac.

YOUNG *Shechem* all the night impatient lay,
And sought with eager eyes the breaking day;

With ardent longings waits the promis'd hour,
And fancies all his wishes in his pow'r:

Aner, his friend, improves the fatal fire,
And sooths, with flatt'ring scenes, his wild desire.

Sidonia, guiltless of her brother's snares,
To grace her lovely *Hebrew* guest prepares;
Who with her young companions now appears,
Too innocent for nice reserves, or fears.

Her

Her artless looks, nor tim'rous, nor assur'd,
 With easy charms the *Jebusites* allur'd :
 A rosy tincture paints her guiltless face :
 Her eyes, peculiar to her beauteous race,
 Sparkle with life, and dart immortal grace :
 Rich orient bracelets, round her snowy arms,
 And faultless neck, improve her native charms.
 The *Hivite* princess entertains the maid,
 To *Hamor's* palace fatally betray'd ;
 Where, at the pomp of one surprizing feast,
 She meets the luxury of all the *East*.
 Her thoughts the proud magnificence admire,
 The people's customs, and their strange attire ;
 'Till modest rules, and the declining day,
 With *Leab's* charge forbid her longer stay :
 But ah ! too late, she finds herself betray'd
 To *Shechem's* pow'r, a lost defenceless maid ;
 A captive in his treach'rous courts retain'd,
 By fraud seduc'd, and brutal force constrain'd,
 Her name dishonour'd, and her nation stain'd.

In vain with tender sighs he strives to move
 The injur'd fair to voluntary love ;
 The strictest rules of chastity she knew,
 With all that to her great descent was due ;
 But

But what with gentle arts he fails to gain,
His wild desires by violence obtain.

The hateful tydings reach'd her father's ears,
And almost sunk his venerable years :
Her brothers rage, and for revenge combine ;
But guard with secret guile their black design.

The town in feasts consum'd the second day,
And plung'd at night in fearless riot lay.
The restless shepherds e'er the ling'ring dawn,
Each held his sword, for horrid action drawn ;
Surpriz'd the city like a rising flood,
Rag'd thro' the streets, and bath'd their swords
in blood.

The *Hebrews* pleas'd with this successful fate,
Sprung furious on, and forc'd the palace gate :
Fierce *Simeon* thro' the bright apartments flew,
And old and young, without distinction, slew.

Shechem, with restless passion still inspir'd,
Was with the charming *Israelite* retir'd ;
And first by mad insulting *Levi* found,
Without a pause he gave the desp'rate wound.
Take thy dispatch curst ravisher for hell,
He said ; and down the bleeding victim fell :

His

His fatal mistress turns away her eyes,
 With horror seiz'd, and trembling with surprize.
 The swains her roving vanity upbraid,
 And to their tents the penitent convey'd.
 Their father griev'd, reproves the bloody fact,
 But *Judab* thus defends the hostile act.

Should they, a race uncircumcis'd and vile,
 With lawless mixtures *Abram's* stock defile?
 Our wives and sisters in our fight constrain;
 While we, regardless of the shameful stain,
 Stand tamely by, and scarce of wrong complain?
 They first intrench'd on hospitable trust,
 And human faith; — our vengeance is but just.

Such justice never mingle with my fame,
 Good *Israel* cries, nor spot my guiltless name!
 The realms around, who idol Gods revere
 Will this black deed with indignation hear;
 And all their policy and rage unite,
 To blot our odious mem'ry from the light.

So hell believ'd — but heav'n a sacred dread
 Of *Jacob's* sons among the nations spread;
 While he at *Bethel* with a pious flame,
 Implores the great *unutterable Name*.

From

From thence to *Mamre's* peaceful plain retires,
 Where *Kiriath-arba* lifts her golden spires:
 Illustrious *Arba* built and nam'd the place,
 The boasted father of the giant race;
 For them design'd the monstrous plan appear'd,
 To heav'n the threatening battlements were rear'd.
 In careless joys and plenty here they live,
 And to the neighb'ring swains protection give.

Beneath the hill, on which their city stood,
 Ascended high a venerable wood;
 The solemn shades, which gave a secret dread,
 Conceal'd a vaulted structure for the dead,
Machpelah call'd: with wondrous labour wrought;
 This *Abram* of the giant nation bought:
 The cave, the wood, the springs, and bord'ring
 field,
Ephron, their prince, by publick contract seal'd.

Here to their purchas'd right the shepherds
 drive
 Their fleecy charge, and unmolested live;
 While frequent thro' the consecrated ground,
 Inscriptions and old monuments they found.
 Where'er celestial visions had appear'd,
 The pious worshippers an altar rear'd;

The

The myſtick name, to mortals long unknown,
 Was deeply figur'd on the poliſh'd ſtone;
 By marks engrav'd on arching rocks, 'twas ſeen,
 That heavenly pow'rs had there convers'd with
 men.

Remote from this a lofty pillar ſtood;
 This *Jacob* to the rural concourſe ſhow'd;
 Here ſee, he ſaid, the memory retain'd
 Of *Abram's* conqueſt near *Damaſcus* gain'd.

To diſtant lands the *Eastern* rule was ſpread,
 And *Jordan's* banks a yearly tribute paid:
 The king of *Sodom* firſt contemn'd the yoke,
Admah and *Zeboim* next the treaty broke.
 At this the royal *Elamite* enrag'd,
 The neighb'ring kings, his great allies, engag'd;
Arioch and mighty *Tidal* join their force,
 Conqueſt where'er they turn attends their courſe.
 The *Horims* on mount *Seir* their valour prove,
 Their troops the *Emims* from their fortrefs drove.

In *Siddim's* vale the adverſe princes ſtay,
 There *Shibna*, *Bera* and *Shemeber* lay.
Amraphel early meets his doubtful foes,
 And for the victory his ranks diſpoſe;

But

But scarce th' encounter could be call'd a fight,
 So soon the troops of *Sodom* took their flight:
 The coward race, unus'd to charge a foe,
 Their jav'lins, swords and shields at once forgo.
 Some seek the woods, and some a shelt'ring cave ;
 Some in the rocks their breath, inglorious, save ;
 While others plunging down fair *Jordan's* tyde,
 From the stern looks of war their faces hide.
 Th' invaders sheath their swords, and scorn to
 grace

With martial deaths the despicable race.
Bera alone and *Lot* sustain'd the field,
 But press'd by numbers were compell'd to yield :
 These with the riches of the town a prey,
 To *Paran's* hills the conqu'rors bore away.

This *Abram* heard, and gather'd on the plain
 A valiant band, his own domestick train:
 His glad assistance *Eshcol* brings, a youth
 Of publick honour, and unblemish'd truth ;
 With *Aner*, *Mamre*, dauntless both and young,
 Brothers, all three from noble *Amor* sprung.

'Twas night, secure the victor army lies,
 Scornful of foes, and fearless of surprize ;

By

By heav'n's command a sudden vapour spreads
 O'er all the host, and clouds their drowzy heads;
 To the high throne of sense soft slumber climbs,
 Slackens their sinews, and benumbs their limbs;
 The captives eyes alone its force repel'd,
 Nor to the pleasing violence would yield.

Now near the camp the brave confed'rates
 draw,

And by the glimm'ring fires its posture saw:
 The foremost rank, the swift invaders flew,
 And soon the waking pris'ners heard and knew }
 Their active friends, that to their succour flew.

Abram his nephew, he the rest unty'd;
 The sleeping foe avenging swords supply'd:
 From file to file the fearless brothers pass,
 And leave them breathless on the purple grass.
 Th' old patriarch feels new life in ev'ry vein,
 And scatters wide destruction o'er the plain.
 The terror grows, the clash of arms, and cries
 Of wounded men afflict the ambient skies.
 Prince *Arjock*, startled at the noise, awakes,
 And from his eyes the fatal slumber shakes.
 At oft-repeated calls his legions arm,
 And madly haste to meet the loud alarm;

C

But

But by a force more prevalent out-done,
 On certain fate with eager steps they run;
 Disorder'd and amaz'd, they quit the field,
 And, raving, to their unknown victors yield.

The morning rose, and with her blushing light
 Expos'd their damage, and inglorious flight;
 The joyful shepherds seize th' abandon'd spoils:
 And now returning from their martial toils,
 A royal priest at *Salem Abram* meets,
 With presents, and a benediction greets
 The *Hebrew* bands: —to heav'n he lifts his eyes,
 And blest be that propitious pow'r, he cries,
 Who walks the crystal circuit of the skies;
 Who hears the boasts of mortals with disdain,
 Contemns their force, and makes their triumphs
 vain!

His mein was solemn, and his face divine,
 Refulgent gems around his temples shine:
 His graceful robe, a bright celestial blue,
 Trailing behind, a train majestick drew.
 The tenth of all great *Abram* gives the priest,
 The kings and *Amorites* divide the rest.
 All pleas'd, the gen'rous conqu'ror loudly prais'd,
 And to his fame this lasting column rais'd.

The

The swains were list'ning still, when *Isaac*
 cries,
 To yonder mountain now direct your eyes;
 For there a brighter scene of glory lies.
 'Twas there the wond'ring sun in *Abram* view'd
 The noblest height of human fortitude;
 The pious man in guiltless sleep lay drown'd,
 When thro' his ears thunder'd this fatal sound.

Arise, and *Isaac* on mine altar lay,
 With thy own hand the destin'd victim slay.
 He starts, and cries, who can this thought inspire?
 Can heav'n this monstrous sacrifice require?

The dreadful call again surpriz'd his ears,
 And lo! the well-known heav'nly form appears.
 He bow'd, and at the purple dawn arose,
 And with his darling to *Moriah* goes.
 Astonish'd long he by the altar stood,
 Then pil'd with trembling hands the sacred
 wood;
 Half dead himself; the wond'ring youth he binds,
 Who now his sire's severe intention finds.

What thoughts, he ask'd, my father, have
possess

Your soul? what horrid fury fills your breast?

Am I to hell a sacrifice design'd?

Some cruel demon must your reason blind.

Th' unblemish'd skies abhor this bloody deed,

No human victims on their altars bleed.

'Tis heav'n, the patriarch said, this fact re-
quires,

'Tis heav'n — be witness yon ethereal fires!

Yet, countless as the stars, from thee must spring
Victorious nations, and the *myssick King* :

'Tis past relief — yet by himself he swore,
Who from the dead thy relicks can restore;
What obstacle surmounts almighty pow'r?

This said, the pious youth resign'd his life;
Blest *Abram* shook off all paternal strife,
And forward thrust the consecrated knife.

As lightning from the skies, an angel broke,
And warded with his hand the fatal stroke;
When thus a voice streams downward from above,
Breathing divine beneficence and love.

By

By my great self I swear, to bless thy race
 With endless favour, and peculiar grace;
 Thy scepter'd sons the spacious *East* shall sway,
 While vanquish'd kings obedient tribute pay.

Here *Jacob* ends, and to his tent retires;
 Their fleecy charge the parting swains requires.





B O O K III.

The infernal Powers endeavour to raise Factions in Jacob's Family. Joseph's Dreams. His Brothers Jealousy and Malice. He comes to Dothan. They confine him in a Pit while they consult his Ruin. An Angel in a Vision pre-sages to him his future Greatness, and warns him of the Snares of Beauty and unlawful Love. His Brothers spare his Life and sell him to the Midian Merchants travelling with their spicy Traffick into Egypt. Jacob obstinate in Grief refuses all Consolation.

MEAN time the Pagan deities displeas'd,
To find the publick storms so soon ap-
peas'd,

Studious attempt by new malicious ways,
Among the Hebrews civil jars to raise :
Moloch already had provok'd the strife,
And kindling mischief threatens *Joseph's* life.

H O O D

The

The lovely youth, fair *Rachel's* boasted son,
 Compleatly form'd, his seventeenth year begun ;
 His mother's sparkling eyes, and blooming grace,
 Mixt with severer strokes, adorn'd his face.
 Not he that in *Sabea's* fragrant grove,
 (As poets sung) inflam'd the queen of love ;
 Nor *Hylas*, nor *Narcissus* look'd so gay,
 When the clear streams his rosie blush display.

In all his conduct something noble shone,
 Which meant him for a greatness yet unknown.
 Visions had oft' his rising fate foretold :
 The last to *Jacob* thus his lips unfold,
 His brethren by : — when sleep had clos'd mine
 eyes,

A corny field before my fancy flies ;
 (Still to my thoughts the yellow crop appears !)
 My brothers with me reap'd the bending ears ;
 Industrious each a single sheaf had bound,
 When theirs with sudden motion mine surround,
 And bow'd with prostrate rev'rence to the
 ground.

But now my mind of rural business clear'd,
 Above my head a wond'rous scene appear'd ;

The moon and stars at highest noon shone
bright,

Unconquer'd by the sun's superiour light ;
Methought I saw the gaudy orbs descend,
And at my feet with humble homage bend.

The shepherds hear his story with surprize :
Must we thy vassals be ? Proud *Abur* cries,
With rage and threat'ning malice in his eyes. }

At *Mamre*, *Jacob* and his fav'rite stay,
The rest to *Dotban's* flow'ry meadows stray :
Infernal envy all their bosoms fires,
And black resolves and horrid thoughts inspires :
At last young *Joseph's* murder is design'd,
Hell with the monstrous treachery combin'd.

He comes to *Dotban*, by his father sent,
And heav'n alone his ruin can prevent.
Their guiltless prey, he stands without defence,
But inborn worth, and fearless innocence.
His Brethren's crimes, his father's hoary hairs
Were all the subject that alarm'd his fears.

The

The fatal stroke they now prepare to give,
 When *Reuben's* arts the hopeless youth retrieve,
 By thus advising, — let your brother live. }
 A thousand easy methods yet remain,
 To render all his glorious projects vain;
 But till we have determin'd the design,
 To yonder pit th' aspiring boy confine.
 To him they yield, and to their tents retire,
 The fiends below their own success admire.

The night prevails, and draws her sable train,
 With silent pace, along th' ethereal plain.
 By fits the dancing stars exert their beams;
 The silver crescent glimmers on the streams;
 The sluggish waters, with a drowzy roar,
 And ling'ring motion, roll along the shore;
 Their murmur answers to the rustling breeze,
 That faintly whispers thro' the nodding trees;
 The peaceful echoes undisturb'd with sound,
 Lay slumbring in the cavern'd hills around;
 Frenzy and faction, love and envy slept;
 A still solemnity all nature kept;
 Devotion only wak'd, and to the skies
 Directs the pris'ner's pious vows and eyes:

To

To God's high throne a wing'd petition flew,
 And from the skies commission'd *Gabriel* drew;
 One of the seven, who by appointed turns
 Before the throne ambrosial incense burns.

A sudden day, returning on the night,
 Vanquish'd the shades, and put the stars to
 flight ;
 Th' enlighten'd cave receives the shining guest,
 In all his heav'nly pomp divinely drest;
 He greets the youth, and thus his charge ex-
 press'd.

To-morrow thou must leave rich *Jordan's* shore,
 And trace *Moriah's* sacred hill no more ;
 A great and grateful nation yet unknown,
 Sav'd by thy care, shall thee their patron own ;
 But let thy breast impenetrable prove
 To wanton beauty, and forbidden love :
 This heav'n enjoins. — The wond'ring shepherd
 bow'd ;
 The angel mounted on a radiant cloud,

The morning now her lovely face display'd,
 And with a rosy smile dispell'd the shade.

The

The faction rose, and close in council sat,
 On means that must determine *Joseph's* fate;
 Nor long they sat, for on the neighb'ring road
 A train of camels with their spicy load,
 Follow'd by *Midian* merchants travell'd by:
 Heav'n marks the way, the envious brothers cry;
 Whate'er th' ambitious dreamer's thoughts por-
 tend,
 His hopes with these to foreign lands we'll send.

They stop the *Midianites*, and soon agree,
 Resolv'd no more his hated face to see.
 With looks, which perfect inward anguish tell,
 And falling tears, he took this sad farewell.

I go to wander on some barb'rous clime,
 May heav'nly justice ne'er avenge this crime!
 Be still indulgent to my father's age,
 His grief for me with flatt'ring hopes assuage.

They hear, they see the anguish of his soul;
 And scarce their struggling pity can controul;
 Touch'd with so sad a scene, they all begin
 To feel remorse for this unnatural sin,
 And half repent; but hate and envy prove
 Their victor passions, and repress their love.

They

They form a specious fraud, to hide the deed
 From their old fire, and in the plot succeed.
 Their brother's varied coat they still retain'd,
 And with a bleeding kid the vestment stain'd ;
 With this to *Mamre* treach'rous *Simeon* goes,
 Too well the lost old-man the relick knows.
 After a dismal pause, his sorrow breaks
 Its violent way, and this sad language speaks.

My son!—alas, some savage monster's prey!
 Why have I liv'd to this detested day?
 Why have I lingred thus? I should have dy'd,
 When thy more happy mother left my side,
 My best lov'd wife: —but all my *Rachel's* face
 I could in thy resembling features trace.
 Tormenting thought!—O hide me from the light!
 Its useless rays afflict my feeble sight:
 Come lead me to the solitary grave,
 Despair and woe that dark retirement crave;
 There shall I stretch'd upon my dusty bed,
 Forget the toils of life, and mingle with the dead.

In vain his friends attempt to bring relief,
 In vain persuade inexorable grief;
 'Tis deep, and intermingled with his soul,
 Nor time, nor counsel can its force controul.



B O O K IV.

A Description of Egypt, with the Pyramids. Joseph sold by the Midian Merchants to a Captain of the Royal Guards. He leads him to his Palace. Shews his Wife the handsome Captive. Her growing Passion for him. A young Assyrian Maid endeavouring to amuse and divert her Mistress, tells her the Story of Ninus and Semiramis.

MEAN while thro savage woods, and desarts
vast,

The captive with his *Midian* masters past.
At last rich *Egypt's* pleasant coasts are seen,
The level meads drest with immortal green ;
Between them fertile *Nile* directs his course,
And nobly flows from his immortal source.
Along the borders of the sacred flood,
Aspiring groves and stately cities stood :
Here antient *Tanais* in her height appear'd,
Before *Amphion's* lute the *Theban* wall had rear'd.
The

The sun's devoted city, radiant *On*,
 With roofs emboss'd, and golden foliage shone ;
 E'er skilful *Vulcan* was at *Lemnos* nam'd,
 Or *Cynthia's* darts, or shields for *Pallas* fram'd.

Distinct from these, on the *Pelusian* strands,
Ansana crown'd with silver turrets stands ;
 Rais'd to its height, as old tradition tells,
 By pow'rful magick, and secur'd by spells :
 Th' *Egyptian* wizards here themselves immure,
 Converse with hell, and practise rites impure.

Now mighty pyramids the sight surprize,
 On *Masre's* plain the spiral tow'rs arise.
Redoufa here magnificently shrouds
 Its lofty head among surrounding clouds :
 By *Saurid* built, the daring structure stood
 The fury of the universal flood.
Phacat and *Samir's* pointed tops ascend,
 And o'er the fields their length'ning shades extend ;

Their compass sacred to the dead remain,
 Within eternal night and silence reign ;
 No lightsome ray salutes them from the sky,
 But glaring lamps depending from on high,
 With sickly gleams the hollow space supply. }

Here

Here antient kings, embalm'd with wondrous cost,
 A long exemption from corruption boast:
 In artful figures some are sitting plac'd,
 With fruitless pomp, and idle ensigns grac'd;
 While others stretch'd in sleeping postures lie,
 On folding carpets of imperial dye:
 Their hov'ring ghosts, pleas'd with this mimic
 pride,
 Among the breathless carcases reside.
 But what prodigious things within were shown,
 Were to the *Hebrew* stranger yet unknown,
 Astonish'd at their outward bulk alone.

And now arriv'd where *Zoan's* wall enclos'd
 Imperial tow'rs, the *Midianites* expos'd
 Their fragrant traffick, with the handsome slave:
 His mind beyond his years compos'd and grave,
 His aspect something spoke divinely great,
 Something that mark'd him for a nobler fate.

A generous captain, chief of *Pharaoh's* bands,
 Admiring much the graceful captive, stands,
 Then gives the *Midianites* their full demands.
 A sudden friendship in his breast he finds,
 Experienc'd only by unvulgar minds:

Some

Some heav'nly being had prepar'd his thought;
And on his heart the kind impressiion wrought.

Without regret, young stranger, follow me,
Said *Potiphar*, I now have ransom'd thee;
From servitude this moment thou art free. }

The youth receiv'd the favour with a grace,
That answer'd all the promise of his face.

Fronting the royal house, a structure crown'd
With turrets stood, and palmy groves around;
Discoursing, hither thro the walks they went,
Both pleas'd alike, and equally content.

The seat they reach'd, when for a costly vest
The master call'd, in this the youth they dress'd;
No more disparag'd with a slave's attire,
His faultless shape and features all admire.
His hair, like palest amber, from his crown
In floating curls, and shining waves fell down.
Young *Paris* such surprizing charms display'd,
When first in gold and *Tyrian* silks array'd,
He laid his crook aside, forgot the swain,
And bid adieu to *Ida's* flow'ry plain.

Then

Then for his wife the captain bids them send,
And shews with boasting joy his purchas'd friend.

The fair *Sabrina*, lately made his bride,
Was in her beauty's celebrated pride.
Her large black eyes shone with a sprightly fire,
And love at ev'ry fatal glance inspire.
The swarthy lustre of her charming face
The full-blown lilly and the rose disgrace.
Her glossy hair outvy'd the raven's wings,
And curl'd about her neck in wanton rings.
Affectedly she took a careless view,
And to her own apartment soon withdrew.

Joseph belov'd and happy long remain'd,
And from his lord successive favours gain'd;
Who now at home grown prosp'rous, and abroad,
Believes his guest some favourable god:
He gives him o'er his house the full command,
Entrusting all his treasures to his hand.

Mean time *Sabrina* feeds within her breast
A secret fire, but shames its rage suppress.
When first she saw the charming *Hebrew's* eyes,
She felt, but well dissembled the surprize;

But thro' her various arts an inward care
The languors of her pensive looks declare.

Cyrena found the change, (a *Syrian* maid
Well-born but from her native coasts betray'd) :
She saw the change, but led by nicer laws,
Was thoughtless still of its reproachful cause.
Her voice, her easy wit, and eloquence,
Could hold the wildest passion in suspense.
Attending oft her mistress to a grove,
Their usual walk, with pleasing tales she strove
To entertain her thoughts, and charm her grief;
Nor fail'd her arts to give a short relief.
Her native clime the pleasing subject proves,
The *Syrian* pomp, their customs, and their loves ;
Among the rest *Sabrina* hears her name
Semiramis, a queen of ancient fame,
And ask'd her now the story to relate ;
Repos'd beneath a spreading palm they fate.





B O O K V.

The Story of Semiramis, expos'd, when an Infant, in the Fields; where she is found, (covered with a rich embroidered Mantle,) by a Peasant, who carries her to Simma, the chief of the King's Shepherds, by whom she is married to Menon, the principal Commander of the Assyrian Forces. Menon being called to the Siege of Bactria, she follows him in a martial Disguise. Menon discovers her Sex to the King, who marries her, after the Death of Menon.

THE maid begins.—Where fam'd Coaspes laves
 Rich *Elam's* borders with his sacred waves,
 Along the fields their tents the shepherds spread,
 By them the King's unnumber'd flocks were fed.

The silent dawn was misty yet and grey,
 And hoary moisture on the mountains lay.
 Intent on rural cares, with early haste,
 A peasant near a rocky cavern past;
 Across his path was rais'd a mossy bed,
 O'er that a rich embroider'd mantle spread;

This, lifted up, reveal'd a lovely child,
 Which fairer than the rosy morning smil'd:
 The wond'ring swain forgot his country cares,
 And back to *Simma's* house the infant bears.

Simma his master was, tho' wealthy, just:
 The royal lands and flocks were made his trust;
 He riches still amass'd without an heir,
 And seeing now the child surpassing fair,
 He took and bred her with indulgent care:
 In nothing he controuls her growing years,
 No cost to please her boundless fancy spares.

When, by revolving moons, successive time
 Had brought her beauty to its perfect prime,
 Her shape was faultless, and in all her mein
 Prefaging marks of majesty were seen:
 No mortal e'er could boast so fair a face,
 Such radiant eyes, and so divine a grace.
 A flow'ry wreath her beauteous temples crown'd,
 Her snowy vest a crimson girdle bound:
 Thus dress'd she walks a goddess o'er the plains,
 Admir'd and lov'd by all the gazing swains;
 To her the fragrant tribute of the spring,
 With am'rous zeal on bended knees they bring.

Not

Not distant far from wealthy *Simma's* seat,
 Heroick *Menon* own'd a fair retreat ;
 His rank, and early worth, the high command
 Of all the fam'd *Affyrian* force had gain'd :
 In peaceful times the chief whom all admir'd,
 To prove a softer happiness retir'd ;
 'Twas here *Semiramis* his wishes fir'd.
 With ravish'd eyes her heav'nly face he view'd,
 And for the glorious prize to *Simma* su'd ;
 Proffer'd with sacred rites his vows to bind :
 This honour pleas'd the haughty virgin's mind ;
 On meaner terms she had his suit deny'd ;
 With virtue guarded and a noble pride.
 The lover finds success, but all his joys
 A sudden summons from the King destroys.

Bactria revolts, *Ninus* the tydings hears,
 Himself in arms to meet the foe prepares.
 But three short days ungentle fate allows
 Sad *Menon*, for his sighs and parting vows :
 He curst his martial charge, and publick fame,
 And loaths th' encumbrance of a glorious name,
 Which rends him now from all the joys of life,
 His lov'd *Semiramis*, his charming wife,

She hears the King's command with less surprize,

And, *Menon*, banish all your care, she cries.

We cannot — 'tis impossible to part,

Love with heroick courage fires my heart.

To follow you thro' raging seas I'd go,

O'er burning desarts, or perpetual snow.

By your example led, I shall not fear,

The flying arrow, or the pointed spear;

Pierc'd with a fatal dart, were *Menon* by,

'Twould be a soft, an easy thing, to die.

Th' event be what it will, with you I'll run

To certain death, nor any danger shun;

Be witness to my vows thou radiant Sun!

Nor can th' advent'rous deed my conduct stain,

Secure with you the secret shall remain;

I boldly can defy all other eyes,

In threat'ning armour, and a martial guise.

New pleasure fills the hero's breast, to find

Such beauty, love, and steadfast virtue join'd.

A thousand kind transporting things he said,

A thousand vows of lasting passion made:

Then for a rich habiliment of war

He sent, and dress'd himself the smiling fair.

A costly

A costly helmet glitter'd on her head,
 On which a dove its silver pinions spread;
 A plume of whitest feathers danc'd above,
 With every trembling breath of air they move.
 Th' embroider'd scarf that o'er her armour flow'd,
 With dazzling flames of gold and scarlet glow'd.
 Her hand a javelin shook with mimick pride,
 A painted quiver rattled by her side.
 Her height and mein adorn the warlike dress,
 More vig'rous rays her charming eyes express.
 The courser, of his beauteous burden proud,
 With golden trappings bounded thro' the crowd.

Menon, of *Syrian* arms the grace and pride,
 Kept near the lovely masquerader's side.
 On *Dura's* plain the *Babylonian* force
 In ranks attend their mighty leader's course.
 While *Ninus*, graceful as a martial god,
 Exalted on his glittering chariot rode.

The *Bactrians* their approaching foes disdain,
 Resolv'd their fortress bravely to maintain;
 And long the town with matchless courage held,
 And oft' to flight th' *Armenian* troops compell'd :
 Till bold *Semiramis*, who danger sought,
 And fearless in the foremost ranks had fought,

Observ'd a rock, which o'er a castle lean'd;
 The *Babarians* this were careless to defend,
 Believing it from all access secure:
 She finds a path among the cliffs obscure;
 Then with a chosen band intrepid gains
 The top, and soon the unguarded fort obtains.
 The town thus made the fierce besieger's prey,
 To her they gave the conquest of the day.
 All prais'd the youth, (for such she was believ'd,)
 Her bold address each party had deceiv'd;
 But *Ninus* most her fortitude admires,
 He views her blooming youth, her race enquires.

Menon in dotage lost, with foolish pride,
 No more the fatal secret strives to hide;
 Nor once imagin'd this unlucky boast,
 The joy of all his future life must cost.
Ninus with other eyes her beauty views,
 In other terms his gratitude renews.

To *Babylon* return'd, he yet conceal'd
 His growing flame, by *Menon's* worth withheld;
 Too well he with a sad reflection knows,
 What to his counsel, and his sword he owes;
 These gen'rous ties at first his love oppose:

But

But nothing can th' encreasing rage restrain ;
By gentle means he yet his end would gain.

Menon, he said, my wishes to procure,
I'll give thee cities, and a boundless store
Of gold, and precious gems, and for a bride,
A blooming Princess to the crown ally'd :
All this, and more, to gain her love I'll give ;
Without *Semiramis* I cannot live.

Repenting *Menon*, with a handsome pride,
Refus'd his offers, and the suit deny'd.

The softer sex he next attempts to gain ;
She too rejects his passion with disdain.
What now avail the glories of the *East* ?
Nor wealth, nor empire can procure his rest.
Tir'd with unheeded sighs, and fruitless pray'r,
He tries more rig'rous means to ease his care ;
And threatens thus : with my desires comply,
Or soon prepare to see your hero die.

From *Menon*, this she hides, who less severe
Observes her to the am'rous King appear :

His fondness with the jealous passion grows ;
No joy, no lightsome interval he knows,
The mingled frenzy gives him no repose.

}
She

She false ! he cries, my fair, enchanting wife !
 And can I yet protract this wretched life ;
 This anxious heart, with hopeless grief oppress'd,
 In death's cold shade shall find perpetual rest.
 He said ; then all the hostile stars defy'd,
 And plung'd the fatal weapon in his side.

A long adieu ! *Semiramis*, he cries ;
 With those lov'd accents on his lips he dies :
 She hears the parting groan, and to his succour
 flies.

Sunk on the floor she sees her lover bleed,
 Himself the author of the barb'rous deed ;
 But true to love, and virtue's strictest laws,
 She neither knew, nor could suspect the cause.
 Seiz'd with a sudden horror and surprize,
 She faints, and near the breathless carcass lies ;
 Her frighted women to her rescue haste,
 And wake the doubtful spark of life, at last.
 A hollow groan ensues ; with feeble sight
 She meets the day, and loaths the flashing light.
 A steadfast sorrow in her face appears,
 Above the soft relief of female tears ;
 Silent as death, her words no utterance find,
 To tell the inward anguish of her mind :

A fixt

A fixt, sedate, and rational despair
 Compos'd her looks, and settled in her air.

In such a fullen calm the billows sleep,
 So smooth an aspect wears the gloomy deep;
 While treach'rous winds their gath'ring breath
 refrain,
 Presaging tempests on the troubled main.

Th' impatient prince with just respect attends
 Her ebbing grief, and long his flame suspends;
 And long her steadfast thoughts relentless prove
 To proffer'd empire, and inviting love:
 Till fate it self her stubborn heart inclin'd
 To take a crown; by all the stars design'd,
 And fill a sphere proportion'd to her mind. }

Ninus was now of ev'ry wish possess,
 With sov'reign rule and brighter pleasure blest;
 But ah! how short a boast has mortal joy?
 What sudden storms the flatt'ring calm destroy?
 What human privilege, what lawless pow'r
 Can one short day retard th' appointed hour?

Thrice thro' the midnight silence, from the
 ground,

The startled monarch hears a warning sound;
Thrice

Thrice *Menon's* ghost, a frowning spectre stands,
 And seems to beckon with his airy hands.
 A sudden faintness seiz'd his trembling heart,
 While hasty life retires from every part;
 Speechless and pale his eye-balls roll in death,
 While with reluctant pangs he yields his breath.

The mournful prince's to his merit just,
 With wond'rous pomp interr'd the royal dust:
 High on a mount his sepulchre she plac'd,
 With marble spires, and pointed arches grac'd,
 She bids farewell to love's deceitful flame;
 Resolv'd to leave behind a glorious name,
 In costly structures of immortal fame.

A lofty dome to *Belus* first she built:
 The inward roof with dazzling silver gilt;
 The God was fashion'd in a wond'rous mould,
 With perfect art; his bulk was massy gold;
 His sacred utensils were all the same,
 While fragrant oils in golden sockets flame.

Old *Babel* next with boundless cost she wall'd;
 And *Babylon* the spacious city call'd;

Its

Its bounds with forts and battlements were
 crown'd,
 And compass'd in an endless tract of ground,
 Valleys and level'd hills the vast extent surround:
 Where fronting ranks of palaces were seen,
 With streams, and groves, and painted meads
 between.

Euphrates in its course the town divides,
 While thro' the midst his stately current glides:
 Around the place a hundred gates unfold,
 Thro' which a hundred glitt'ring chariots roll'd;
 Which all for state attend the queen's commands,
 When she her progress makes thro' distant lands.
 Resolv'd to visit now the neighb'ring *Meds*,
 Her train she o'er the lofty *Sagris* leads.
 At pompous *Ecbatana* now she staid,
 And all her own magnificence display'd.
 Gay projects here employ'd her active mind,
 Gardens, and seats of pleasure she design'd;
 Luxurious nature with her art combin'd.

Not far from thence a plain extended lay,
 With stately groves and flow'ry verdure gay;
 The spreading palm, the cedar, and the pine,
 Arching above their mingled branches join.

Semiramis

Semiramis now turns an ancient flood;
 With matchless labour, thro' the charming wood;
 The plenteous stream in various fills divides,
 While marble bounds confine the chrystal tydes.
 In marble basons of an equal row,
 Myrtle, and balm, and flow'ry *Cassia* grow.
 Prodigious rocks intire were hither brought,
 Smooth arches thro' their craggy sides were
 wrought :

Here artificial hills, their summits rear,
 For shade retiring grotts around appear.
 In various bloom the valleys stood below,
 From far the beauteous *Syrian* roses glow.
 All that perfumes the blest *Sabaean* fields
 Grows here, with all that sacred *Nysa* yields.
 Here breath'd the fragrant *Calamus*, and *Fir*,
Cinnamon, *Frankincense*, and weeping *Myrrhe*.
 Shrill birds among the spicy branches sing,
 Their warbling notes along the valleys ring :
 The winds and waters with a gentle noise
 Double the sound, and answer ev'ry voice.

The Queen awhile had these diversions prov'd,
 And then her court to *Babylon* remov'd :

But

But ah! what heights of happiness are free
 From fickle chance, or certain destiny?
 The princess finds a swift decay controul
 The usual force, and vigour of her soul;
 Nor struggling nature could its force repel,
 While heav'n and earth the publick change foretel.

She from the oracle enquires th' event,
 The flatt'ring priests this pleasing answer sent:
 That from the Gods she drew her heav'nly race,
 And shortly must th' immortal number grace.
 Pleas'd with the glories of her future state,
 She yields without reluctance to her fate.

Cyrena ends her tale; the closing day
 Withdrew its splendor, and forbid their stay.





B O O K VI.

Joseph's Mistress at last discovers her criminal Passion to him, but is repuls'd. She complains to her Nurse, who vainly tries the Force of Spells. She is sent by her Mistress to Harpinus, His Cell describ'd. He consults the Planets, and flatters her with Success, till finding the Hebrew Youth inflexible to all her Charms, she falsely accuses him to his Master, by whom he is confined to a Prison.

STILL with impatient love *Sabrina* pines,
And now to speak the fatal truth designs;
Sooth'd by her own indulgent hopes, which trace
A secret passion in the *Hebrew's* face.

He sighs, and when he thinks himself alone,
Oft seems some new misfortune to bemoan,
In foreign accents, and a tongue unknown. }

Her vanity an explanation found,
And put a sense on every flatt'ring sound.
Forgetful of her nuptial vows and fame,
She fondly thus betrays her guilty flame.

If

If yet my torments are to thee unknown,
 If yet my sighs the myſt'ry have not ſhewn,
 Inſenſible, — let this confeſſion prove
 The ſtrange exceſs, and grandeur of my love.
 Yet had I ſtill my wild deſires ſuppreſt,
 Had not thine eyes an equal flame confeſt.

Let me be puniſh'd with the laſt diſdain,
 He ſaid, if e'er I harbour'd thoughts ſo vain!
 I ne'er *Sabrina's* favour ſo abuſ'd,
 Nor once your virtue in my heart accus'd.
 Should I perfidious (heav'n forbid!) offend
 My gen'rous maſter, — I might ſay my friend;
 Let ſcandal ſink my name, when ſo unjuſt
 I prove, ſo falſe to hofpitable truſt!

Thus with a modeſt turn he would reclaim
 Her am'rous frenzy, and conceal her ſhame;
 Nor waits her leave, but haſtily withdrew.
 Careleſs her limbs upon a couch ſhe threw,
 And curſt her folly with a thouſand tears;
 Till *Ipbicle* her artful nurſe appears:
 Of ſo much grief ſhe preſs'd to know the cauſe,
 At laſt the ſecret from her miſtreſs draws.

You wrong, the *Beldam* cries, your own desert,
 For you have charms, the youth a human heart;
 Your beauty might a savage breast inspire,
 At sight of you the coldest age takes fire.
 But where's the wonder that a bashful boy
 Should, at the first address, be nice and coy?
 He loves no doubt, and languishes like you,
 But fears th' ambitious motive to pursue:
 Nor shall your utmost wishes want redress,
 I have a draught that gives divine success;
Nepenthe, which th' immortals quaff above,
 These sacred drops reward th' *Chemis*' love!

When *Tatis*, by his death, the full command
 Of *Misraim* left in fair *Charoba*'s hand,
 The rich *Gebirus* from *Chaldea* came
 With foreign pomp to seek the royal dame.
Chemis adorn'd his train, whose charming face
 Allur'd a goddess of the wat'ry race;
 On *Nilus*' banks the young *Chaldean* stood,
 When lo! *Merina* rising from the flood,
 Her chariot set with pearl, the wave divides,
 Softly along the silver stream she glides.
 Her robes with pearl and sparkling rubies shine,
 Her brighter eyes express a light divine.

Nor

Nor from her humid bed the blooming day
 Has e'er ascended with a clearer ray.
 Her smiles the raging tempests could appease,
 Allay the winds, and calm the swelling seas.
 She leaves her chrystal vaults, and coral groves,
 Her liquid kingdoms, and immortal loves,
 And o'er the grassy meads with *Chemis* roves. }
 At parting gave him this celestial spell,
 Which every good procures, and can each ill
 repel.

My mother from this youth derives her line,
 And this she left me, as a gift divine,
 By all her ancestors preserv'd with care;
 One heav'nly drop shall banish your despair:

Her flatt'ring nurse's charm she vainly tries,
 For *Joseph* still her hateful passion flies:
 But obstinate in love, to gain her ends,
 To fam'd *Anfana Iphicle* she sends.

Harpinus there an uncouth dwelling own'd,
 Planted with yew and mournful cypress round;
 Whose shadows every pleasing thought controul,
 And fill with deep anxiety the soul.
 Hither black fiends at dead of night advance,
 The horned *Serim* thro' the darkness dance:

From earth, from air, and from the briny deep
 They come, and here nocturnal revels keep
 From gloomy *Acherusia*, and the fen
 Of *Serbon*, and the forest of *Birdene*;
 From *Ophiodes*, the serpent isle, they come,
 And *Syrtes*, where fantastick spectres roam;
 From *Chabnus*, and the wild *Psebarian* peak,
 Whose hoary cliffs the clouds long order break.

In hellish banquets, and obscene delights,
 The curst assembly here consume the nights.
 The sick'ning moon her feeble light with-holds,
 In sable clouds her argent horns she folds;
 The constellations quench their glimm'ring fire,
 And frighted far to distant skies retire.

Amidst these horrors, in his echoing cells,
 And winding vaults, the Necromancer dwells:
 Passing from room to room, the brazen doors
 Resound, as when exploded thunder roars.
 The day excluded thence, blue sulphur burns,
 With frightful splendor, in a thousand urns.
 The wizard here employs his mighty spells,
 And great events by divination tells;
 Inscribing mystick figures on the ground,
 And mutt'ring words of an unlawful sound;
 Which

Which from their tombs the shiv'ring ghosts
compel,

And force them future secrets to reveal.

The stars he knew, when adverse, or benign;
When with malignant influence they shine,
Or, darting prosp'rous rays, to love incline.

The nurse a pleasing answer here obtain'd,
And thus *Sabrina's* drooping thoughts sustain'd,
The third succeeding day shall crown your love,
And every am'rous star propitious prove.

Sabrina feeds the while her guilty flame,
And now the third appointed morning came;
When for the favour'd youth in haste she sends:
The message with reluctance he attends.
Silent she sits; while waiting her commands,
Fix'd at a formal distance long he stands.
Her eyes still fix'd on *Joseph's* beauteous face,
A close contempt, and inward hatred trace;
Yet desp'rate to compleat her own disgrace.

Ungrateful youth! she cries, too well I find
By these cold looks, thy unrelenting mind.

Thy savage temper, and unconquer'd pride,
 By words of sacred import thou wouldst hide,
 Thou talk'st of holy rites, and rules severe,
 Pretending some avenging God to fear.
 What God, alas ! does cruelty command?
 Or human bliss maliciously withstand?
 Such thoughts as these the heav'nly powers ar-
 raighn,
 Efface their goodness, and their justice stain.
 Would they the gen'rous principle controul,
 Who gave this am'rous byas to the soul?
 What nature is, they made it: nor can bind
 With servile laws the freedom of the mind:
 Were this our lot, happy the brutal kind,
 That unmolested thro' the forest rove,
 Licentious in their choice, and unconfin'd in
 love!

Virtue! — a meer iniaginary thing!
 Torment it may, but can no pleasure bring.
 Honour! — 'tis nothing but precarious fame,
 For empty breath, for a fantastick name.
 Wilt thou my soft entreaties still deny,
 And see me languish, and unpitied die?
 Consent at last to love's enchanting joys,
 While pleasure calls thee with her tempting voice:
 These

These folding curtains shall our bliss conceal,
That no intruding eye our theft reveal.

Deluded fair! the noble youth replies,
Could we some artful labyrinth devise
To hide our sin, and far from mortal sight
Retire, involv'd in all the shades of night;
Yet there, expos'd to heav'n's unclouded view,
Its vengeance would our treachery pursue;
Distinguish'd plagues would soon our guilt ex-
pose,

While all your sex's glory you must lose.

To *Potiphar* alone your vows belong;

In him a tender lover you must wrong.

For me, where should I hide my hated face,

Could I be conscious of a crime so base?

No, let me thro' the yawning earth descend,

Rather than with such insolence offend.

The laws of God, and kindness of my friend!

My Master's favours, endless to recite,

When I with such ingratitude requite;

When with a thought so horrid and profane,

My faith, and spotless loyalty I stain;

Let wrathful lightnings flashing round my head,

And bolts of raging thunder strike me dead!

Let execrations, and eternal shame
 Destroy my peace, and blast my hated name !

These words with such an awful air he spoke,
 Celestial virtue sparkling in his look,
 His haughty mistress all her hopes resign'd,
 And felt a different frenzy seize her mind :
 Assisting fiends the hellish thought suggest,
 And blot the tender passion from her breast.
 A crimson scarf with ornamental pride
 Was o'er his graceful shoulders loosely ty'd ;
 This furiously she snatch'd, while from th' embrace

He frees himself, and quits the hated place.

She call'd aloud, her voice *Cyrena* hears,
 And entering saw her well-dissembled tears.
 A tale of proffer'd violence she feigns,
 And of the *Hebrew's* arrogance complains.
 Alarm'd at her repeated calls, she said,
 The monster left his curst design, and fled.
 His scarf the truth confirm'd ; her Lord the while
 Returns ; her words his easy faith beguile :
 Blinded with rage he calls the injur'd youth,
 And thus upbraids his violated truth.

How

How canst thou, wretch ! belie a mind so base,
 With that undaunted air, and guiltless face ?

Hypocrisy so steady and compleat,

A villain, cautious as thy self, might cheat ;
 No wonder then thy practis'd faintly shews
 Should on my honest artless mind impose.

My soul entire to thee I did resign,
 Except my bed, whate'er I had was thine.

In fetters let th' ungrateful slave be ty'd,
 Some gloomy dungeon shall the monster hide.

Dungeons he said, and chains I can defy,
 But would not, curst with your displeasure, die.

This sad reflexion aggravates my fate :

How shall I bear my gen'rous master's hate ?

Oh stay ! at last my vindication hear,

While by th' *Unutterable Name* I swear,

My thoughts are all from this injustice clear.

He ceas'd, and still *Sabrina's* shame conceals,

Nor one accusing word her fraud reveals.

Now to a damp unwholesome vault convey'd,

Joseph in ignominious chains is laid.



B O O K VII.

An Angel visits Joseph in Prison, and in a prophetic Vision shows him his own Advancement, and the future Fate of his Father's Posterity, their Bondage and miraculous Deliverance. The Keeper of the Ward convinc'd of Joseph's Innocence; treats him with great Esteem. The Dreams of his fellow Prisoners; and Joseph's Interpretation.

TWAS night, and now advanc'd the so-
 lemn hour;
 The keeper of the prison, from his tow'r,
 Astonish'd, sees a form divinely bright,
 Smile thro' the shades, and dissipate the night;
 With streaming splendor tracing all the way,
 It enters where the new-come pris'ner lay.

Some God, he cries, who innocence defends,
 Some God in that propitious light descends.
 This stranger sure, whate'er the fact can be,
 Alleg'd against him, from the guilt is free.

The

The sacred vision to the youth appears,
 His spirits with celestial fragrance clear;
 His heav'nly smiles would ev'n despair controul,
 And with immortal rapture fill the soul.
 His youthful brows a fair *Tiara* crown'd
 A folding zone his gaudy vestments bound,
 Embroider'd high with *Amaranthus* round.
 Such wings th' *Arabian* Phoenix never wore,
 Sprinkled with gold and shading purple o'er.
 Beneficent his aspect and address,
 His lips seraphick harmony expresses;
 His voice might stay the invading sleep of
 death,
 While these soft words flow with his balmy
 breath.

From the unclouded realms of day above,
 From endless pleasures, and unbounded love,
 From painted fields deck'd with immortal flow'rs,
 From blissful valleys, and ethereal bow'rs,
 I come, commission'd by peculiar grace,
 With great presages to thy future race.

This *Gabriel* spoke; the pious *Hebrew's* breast
 Propheetick flame and pow'r divine confess:

An

An awful silence, and profound suspense,
 Clos'd the tumultuous avenues of sense;
 The heav'nly trance, each wand'ring thought
 confin'd,
 Collects the operations of the mind,
 While *Gabriel* all the inward scene design'd.

Before him, rais'd to high dominion, all
 His humble brethren in prostration fall;
 His joyful eyes again his father see,
 He takes the blessing on his bended knee.
 Vastly in numbers *Jacob's* sons encreas'd,
 Poor vassals by th' *Egyptians* are distress'd,
 And by a royal tyrant's yoke oppress'd:
 To heav'n they cry, an aid that never fails,
 Heav'n hears the cry, the potent pray'r prevails.

A mighty prophet, by divine command,
 Does bold before the raging monarch stand,
 And brings his great credentials in his hand.
 Across the ground his wond'rous rod he throws;
 The rod transform'd a moving serpent grows,
 Unfolds his speckled train, and o'er the pave-
 ment flows.

A dazzling

A dazling train of miracles ensue,
Which speak the prophet, and his mission true.

The springs, the standing lakes, and running
flood,
His pow'rful word converts to reeking blood;
The wounded billows stain the verdant shore,
Advancing slowly with a mournful roar.
Infernal night her sable wings extends,
And from the black unbottom'd deep ascends;
The seer denounces plagues on man and beast;
Contagious torments soon the air infest;
Aloud he bids a sudden tempest rise,
On rapid wings the storm obedient flies;
Th' extended skies are rent from pole to pole,
Blue lightnings flash, and dreadful thunders roll.

Nor yet th' obdurate King the God reveres,
Whom ev'ry element obsequious fears;
Till vengeful strokes of pow'r confest divine,
With clear, but terrible conviction shine.

The night was cover'd with unusual dread,
While ev'ry star malignant influence shed.

Pale

Pale spectres thro' the streets of *Zion* roam,
 From sepulchres amazing echoes come;
 While, like a flaming meteor, down the skies,
 With threatening speed the fatal angel flies.

Reluctant justice, with a grace severe,
 Sits in his looks; and triumphs in his air.

A crested helmet shades his awful brows;
 Behind his military vesture flows,
 And like an evening's ruddy meteor glows.

He grasps his sword, unsheath'd for certain
 fate,

Destruction, death, and terror on him wait!

Mortal the stroke, invisible the wound,

While dying groans with mingled shrieks re-
 found.

From house to house the dreadful rumour runs,

While wretched fathers mourn their first-born
 sons.

Th' alarm'd *Egyptians*, at the breaking day,
 Hurry the sacred multitude away :

But *Pharoah* soon his daring sin renews,
 Blaspheming loud the rescu'd slaves pursues;
 The fearful tribes stand trembling on the shore,
 The foe behind, a raging sea before.

Their

Their glorious chief extends his powerful
wand,

And gives the mighty signal from the strand;
Th' obedient waves the mighty signal take,
And parting crowd the distant surges back;
On either hand, like chrystal hills, they rise,
Between a wide stupendous valley lies:
With joyful shouts the grateful *Hebrews* pass,
Nor does the harden'd foe decline the chase;
Till heav'n's command the watry chain dissolves,
And in the whelming deep their pride involves.
While *Israel* thro the desert take their way,
Led by a cloud which marches on by day;
But resting cheer'd th' encamping host by night,
With lambent flame, and unexampled light.

Where lofty *Sinab* shades the neighb'ring
plain,
Commanded now the sacred tribes remain;
Prepar'd with mystick rites, to hear with awe,
Their Saviour God pronounce their future-law:
Close bounds the mountain guard from all ap-
proach,
That rashly none the hallow'd place might touch.

Reluctant

Reluctant see th' appointed morning rise,
 And fiery splendors glow around the skies.
 While from th' etherial summit God descends,
 Beneath his feet the starry convex bends.
 His radiant form majestick darkness hides,
 While on a tempest's rapid wings he rides.
 The trembling earth his awful presence owns,
 The forest flames, the cleaving desert groans,
 Each river back his wand'ring current calls,
 And rushing down the subterranean falls,
 To the profoundest caves affrighted flies,
 Revel'd and bare each sandy channel lies.
 Their stately heads the antient mountains sink,
 And to a level with the vales would shrink ;
 Again secure in their primæval beds,
 Beneath the waves would hide their fearful
 heads.

Old *Sinab* quakes at the tremendous weight,
 That press'd with awful feet his cloudy height ;
 Obscur'd with blackness, shades, and curling
 smoak,
 Prodigious lightnings from the darkness broke ;
 While raging thunders round the welkin fly,
 Th' etherial trumpet sounding loud and high.

Adoring

Adoring low the pious nation bend,
 And now the solemn voice of God attend:
 The angel shifts the scene, and leaves the rest
 Inimitable all, and not to be express'd.

The curtain'd *Tabernacle* next he paints,
 Nor colours for the gay pavilion wants;
 The golden altar, with attending priests,
 Their sacred pomp, and instituted vests.
 Then brings the favour'd tribes where *Jordan*
 flows,
 And all the well-known bord'ring landskip
 shows.

An airy conquest on *Bethoron's* plain,
 The warlike sons of *Jacob* now obtain:
 Before the troops a glorious leader stands,
 A painted jav'lin ballanc'd in his hands;
 He boldly thus the rolling orbs commands.

Thou sun! to lengthen this victorious day,
 With ling'ring beams on lofty *Gibeab* stay:
 And thou, fair morn! retard thy hasty flight,
 And gild the vales of *Ajalon* at night.

This said, the flying army they pursue,
 And all the *Amorean* kings o'erthrew.
 The promis'd land entirely gain'd, they spread
 Their peaceful dwellings round *Moriab's* head.

But with the night the pleasing vision flies ;
Gabriel unseal'd the youthful prophet's eyes,
 His senses from the heav'nly trance releas'd,
 And all the sacred agitation ceas'd.
 The thoughtful keeper early to the vault
 Descends, and thence the injur'd pris'ner brought;
 Treats him with kindness, and a just regard,
 And gave him all the freedom of the ward.

Of *Pharaoh's* servants two were here detain'd,
 The steward, who his table did command,
 With him that fill'd the royal cup with wine;
 Suspected both as traitors in design.
Joseph, observing a dejected air
 Sate heavy in their eyes, with friendly care
 Enquires the cause, which freely both reveal,
 Mysterious dreams of the past night they tell.

And

And thus the first :— Methought a bulky vine
 Grew up unprop'd, three waving branches
 shine
 With purple grapes, and to my hand incline :
 I prefs'd the tempting fruit without controul,
 Then gave to *Pharaoh's* hand the flowing bowl.

The next begins :— Three canisters replete
 With royal viands, and luxurious meat,
 Oppress'd my drooping head, while birds of
 prey

With direful croakings snatch'd the food away.

Unhappy man ! thy dream from God was sent,
 The *Hebrew* said, and full of black portent :
 The third returning day shall bring thy doom,
 When thou a prey to vultures shalt become.

Then to the first, these joyful comments
 found ;
 Before the sun has twice fulfill'd his round,
 Thou with thy former honours shalt be crown'd.
 But in the triumph of thy prosp'rous fate,
 Kindly remember my unhappy state,
 Who by the blackest falshood here am stay'd ;
 To this the man a courtier's promise made.



B O O K V I I I

Joseph's Mistress languishes in Sorrow and Remorse for her Treachery: which she confesses in the Agonies of Death. Pharoah's prophetic Dreams interpreted by Joseph. His Grandeur and Marriage with the Daughter of an Egyptian Priest.

BUT now *Sabrina's* guilty fire returns,
 Her bosom with the raging passion burns :
 She with a female tenderness relents,
 And all her former cruelty repents.
 By her accus'd, in chains the captive lies,
 For whom she fondly languishes and dies.
 Tormented, and enrag'd, she often curst
 Her pride, her folly, and revengeful lust.
 A deep remorse, from conscience of her sin,
 With constant horrors vex her soul within.
 Her thoughts ten thousand racking torments feel,
 Yet in her treach'rous crime obdurate still.
 Her life and youthful spirits melt away,
 Her beauty withers with a swift decay :

By

By day she wildly raves, consumes the night;
 In thoughtless watchings, and imagin'd fright,
 While airy terrors glide before her sight.
 Pale ghosts with wide distorted eye-balls stare,
 And burning spectres thro' the darkness glare,
 Till forc'd by fate, and torments more intense,
 To vindicate suspected innocence,
 To *Potiphar* the hidden truth she tells,
 And all the faithless mystery reveals.

And now he comes — insulting death! she cries,
 Perpetual darkness swims before my eyes.
 If there are Gods that human things regard,
 My monstrous crimes will meet a just reward.
 Oh sacred virtue! at thine awful name
 I start, and all my former thoughts disclaim;
 For thou art no fantastick empty thing,
 From thee alone unmingled pleasures spring,
 The world, the boundless universe I'd give,
 My first unblemish'd honour to retrieve;
 'Tis vainly wish'd! — to some strange realms below,
 Some dark uncomfortable coasts I go,

She spoke, and gasping in the pangs of death,
 With ling'ring agonies resign'd her breath:

While *Joseph* by the courtier was forgot;
Till fate the period of his freedom brought.

Th' *Egyptian* monarch from a short repose,
And troubled visions, with the morning rose.
T' explain the doubtful omens in his breast,
He summons ev'ry planetary priest:
Their orders which to diff'rent stars belong,
Were soon assembled, a surprizing throng;
Sullen their looks, and varied was their vest,
A wild Devotion thro' the whole express'd.

One wore a mantle of a leaden hue,
Trailing behind a sweeping length it drew;
With *Poppies*, *Aconite*, and *Hellebore*,
Mandrake, and *Nightshade*, strangely figur'd o'er;
A treble twist of serpents curling round,
With monstrous ornament the foldings bound.

With some a verdant forest seem'd to move,
Their flowing robes with palmy branches wove.
With panther's, bears, and every savage beast
Express'd in lively colours, some were dress'd.
On others eagles spread their wings, on some
Appear'd the Ostrich' hieroglyphick plume;
While

While others wore a painted crocodile,
With all the monstrous progeny of *Nile*.

Nasar, a youth vow'd to the morning-star,
With budding roses had adorn'd his hair.
His raiment of inestimable cost
Glitter'd with pearl, an imitated frost.
O'erspread with landships wrought in miniature,
Surprising scenes the ravish'd fight allure :
Clear fountains, flow'ry walks, and myrtle groves,
Peacocks with gaudy trains, and shining doves.

The prince with anxious looks relates his
dreams,
The doubtful fages search their heav'nly schemes :
But all their stars were mute, the meaning flies
In trackless darkness, and obscure disguise.

The bearer of the cup did now reflect
On his past danger, and his base neglect;
And thus his royal master he address'd :
Be *Pharaoh's* bounty, and my guilt confess.
When with my fellow criminal detain'd,
We by thy justice in the ward remain'd,

A Hebrew youth, unjustly there confin'd,
 From nightly omens which perplex'd the mind,
 With clear conviction did our lot unfold;
 My honour, and the steward's doom foretold.
 Amidst the solemn darkness of the night,
 His cell has glitter'd with ethereal light;
 For highly favour'd by th' immortal Gods,
 To visit him they left their bright abodes.

Joseph, unfetter'd, they from prison bring,
 By heav'n inspir'd, he stands before the King;
 Who thus repeats his dream: Methought I
 stood

On the fair borders of our sacred flood;
 While, curious, I survey'd the spreading stream,
 Seven bulky oxen from the river came,
 Fat and well-favour'd: o'er the verdant mead
 They proudly rang'd, and on the pasture fed;
 When just their number rose, of aspect sour,
 Ill-shap'd, and meagre, who the first devour.
 The scene was chang'd, when springing in my
 walk,

Seven blades of corn adorn'd one bending stalk,
 Ripen'd and full; when lo! a second rears
 His blasted top, with seven unfruitful ears;

This

This swallow'd greedily the former store,
 As the lean oxen did the fat before,
 I woke with great anxiety oppress'd,
 And for the meaning ev'ry God address'd.

The Almighty God o'er earth and skies fu-
 pream,
 The youthful prophet cries, has sent this
 dream
 To *Pharaoh*, which discovers future things;
 What changes on the world his pleasure brings.
 With one intent the sacred vision came,
 Of both the hidden meaning is the same.

Seven plent'ous years begin their joyful
 round,
 The fields with boundless harvests shall be
 crown'd;
 Then seven unprosperous years shall these devour,
 And leave no remnant of the former store.

But that the people and the king may live,
 This counsel heav'n commissions me to give,
 That wasteful luxury should be restrain'd,
 And wise intendants thro' the realm ordain'd:

Let

Let these against the threat'ning ill provide,
Lay up the corn, and o'er the stores preside.

This youth by some propitious pow'r was sent,
The prince replies, our ruin to prevent :
Then bids them an imperial vestment bring,
And from his finger draws a costly ring :
And this, he said, a sacred pledge shall be
Of those bright honours I reserve for thee.
My pow'r, my kingdom I to thee resign,
The sov'reign title only shall be mine ;
To thee my noblest favourites shall bow,
Our guardian God, our great preserver thou !

His second chariot then the king ordains
Should be prepar'd: white steeds with scarlet
reins
The triumph drew ; they champ the golden bit,
And spurn the dusty ground with airy feet.
On high with princely pomp the youth was
plac'd,
With marks of pow'r, and regal ensigns grac'd,
Gay heralds, *bow the knee*, before him cry,
The crowd adore him as he passes by :

Nor

Nor here the royal favours were confin'd,
Great *Pharaoh's* daughter is his bride design'd.

The night had twice in fable triumph reign'd,
And twice the circling light its empire gain'd;
When from his high apartment *Joseph* sees
A lofty temple, thro' the waving trees,
To *Isis* vow'd: He from the gilded dome
Ravish'd beheld a beauteous virgin come.
An artless modesty improves her face,
An elegant reserve, and matchless grace,
A rosy tincture in her cheeks appears,
Lovely as that the blooming morning wears:
Her eyes a sprightly blue; her length of hair
Dishevel'd hung, like threads of silver fair.
Long strings of jet and pearl, in mingled twists,
Adorn'd her well-shap'd neck, and slender
wrists.

Her robes were heav'nly azure, sprinkled o'er
With stars; a crescent on her breast she wore.

The wounded *Hebrew* for the virgin sigh'd,
And felt a growing passion yet untry'd:
Her lovely image, on his mind impress'd,
Had fix'd her empire in his yielding breast.

But

My daughter nam'd! he cries, to *Isis* vow'd
 By mystick rites, which no reverse allow'd.
 It must be so! — The gods pronounce it fit,
 The priest his will, the king must his submit.

The maid reluctant leaves the holy shrine,
 But yields obedience to the pow'rs divine.
 The gift as heav'n's the joyful youth regards,
 Which thus bright virtue crowns, and sacred
 truth rewards.

F I N I S.

